



CLOWEN

THIRD SET
OF
TWELVE SONGS

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• L O N D O N •

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New York.

Hammer

VOL V.

TO MY FRIEND
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.3RD SET OF

Twelve Songs



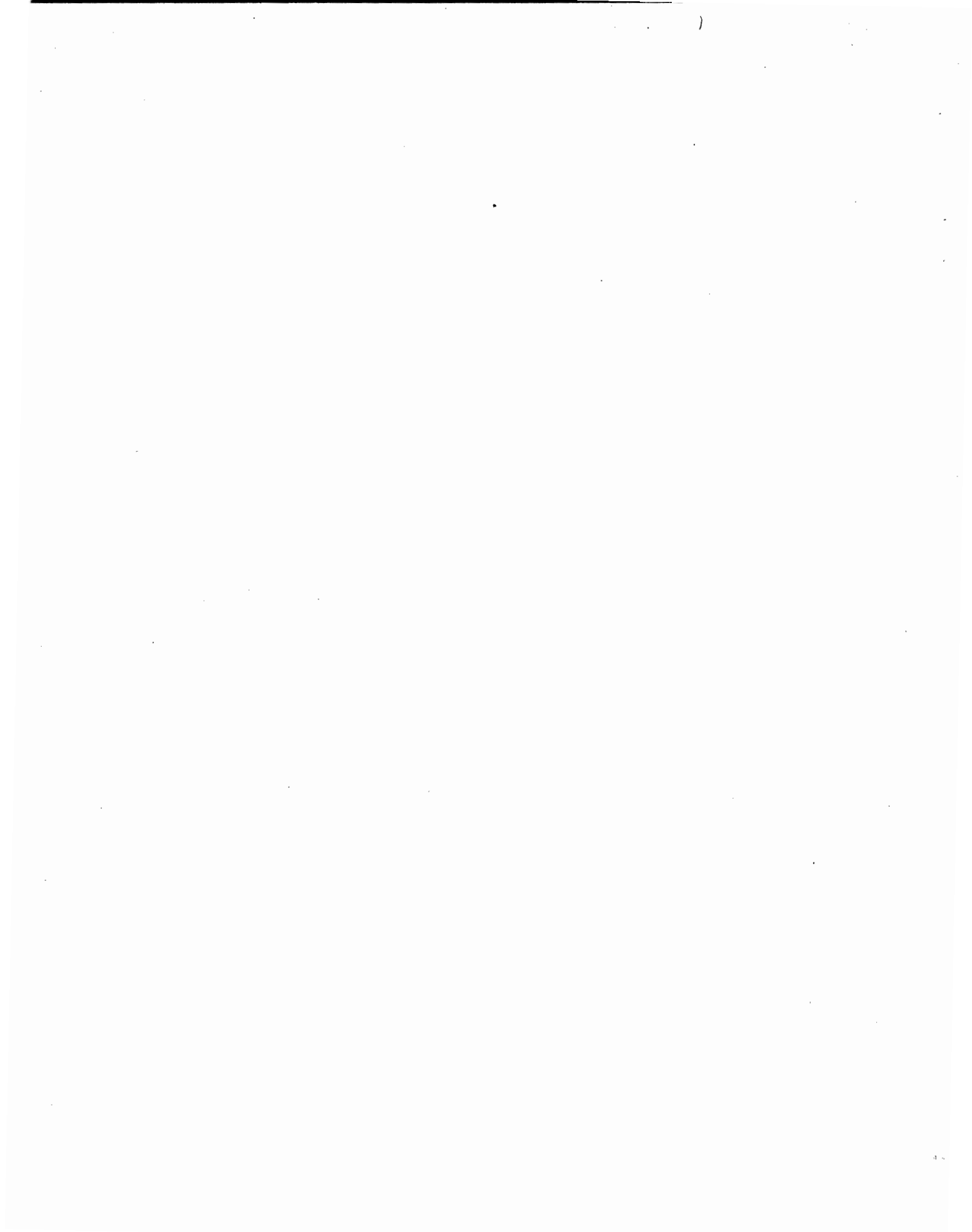
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Composed by

Frederic H. Cowen.

Price Four Shillings nett.

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"AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT."

Words by
THOMAS MOORE.

No. 1.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante con moto. (M. M. ♩ = 104.)

VOICE. *p* At the mid hour of

PIANO. *p*

night..... when stars are weeping, I fly..... To the lone vale we

loved..... when life shone warm in thine eye;..... And I think oft, if

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N. 9370

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cresc. *cresc.* *f*

spirits can steal from the regions of air To re-visit past scenes of de-light, . . . thou wilt

cresc. *cresc.* *f*

espressivo *dim.* *p*

come to me there And tell me our love is re-member'd, that our love is re-member'd,

dim. *p*

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

e-ven in the sky! Then I sing the wild

poco rit. *a tempo* *p*

cresc.

song. it once was rap-ture to hear. When our voi-ces, com-

ming - ling, breathed like one in the ear; And as E-cho far off....

through the vale my sad o - ri-son rolls, I think, O my Love! 'tis thy voice, O my

molto espressivo
Love! 'tis thy voice from the kingdom of Souls faintly answering, answering still the notes that

once.... were so dear.....

a tempo

A SERENADE.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 2.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro moderato non troppo. (M. M. ♩ = 100.)

VOICE.
(Tenor.)

PIANO.

mf A - wake!..... The

starry midnight hour Hangs charmed, and pau - seth in its flight:.....

mf *dim.* *p*

Red. * *Red.* * *sempre Red.*

p In its own sweet-ness sleeps the flow'r; And the doves lie

cresc. *p* *cresc.*

hushed in deep de - light!.... A-wake! A-wake!..... Look forth, my

f

love, for Love's sweet sake!.....

p

f *p* *pp*

Red. *

... *mf* A -

mf *dim.* *p*

* *Red.*

wake! Soft dews will soon a - rise From dai - - - - - sied

p

* *Red.* *

mead, and thorn - y brake; Then,

mf

sempre Red.

Sweet, un-cloud those east-ern eyes, ... And like the

ten-der morn-ing break! ... A - wake! A - wake! ...

... Dawn forth, my love ... for Love's sweet

sake! ... A-

p *cresc.* *p* *cresc.* *f* *f* *p* *f* *p* *mf* *dim.*

- wake! Ne'er heed, though list' - ning Night

p

.... Steal mu - sic from thy sil - ver voice:

cres. Un - cloud thy beau - ty, rare and bright, *sempre cresc.* Un-cloud thy

cres. *sempre cresc.*

beau - ty, rare and bright. And bid the world, and bid the

f

world and me re - joice!..... *f* A -

wake! A-wake! A - wake!..... *f* Shew all thy

love,..... *p* for Love's sweet sake!.....

.....

CRADLE - SONG.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.


No 3.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.


Andante molto tranquillo. (M. M. ♩ = 66.)

VOICE. 

PIANO. 



Dream, Ba - by, dream! The stars are
(dar - ling)





glow-ing. Hear'st thou the stream? 'Tis soft-ly flow - ing. All





gent - ly glide the hours: A - bove, no tem-pest lowers: Be -



poco rall. - - - - -

low, are fragrant flow'rs.... In si - lence, in si - lence grow - ing....

colla voce - - - - -

p *dim.* *L. H.*

Red.

a tempo

p *dim.*

p

Sleep, Ba - by, sleep, Till dawn to -

(dar - ling)

sempre p

Red. * *Red.*

p

mor - row! Why should'st thou weep, Who know'st not sor - - row?

* *Red.* * *Red.* *

poco cresc.

Too soon come pains and fears; Too soon a cause for

p

tears: So from thy fu-ture years No sad-ness, no sad-ness

poco rall.

colla voce

dim.

bor - row.

a tempo

L. H.

p

pp

Dream, Ba - by, dream! Thine

(dar - ling)

OR.

pp

dim.

pp

eye - - - lids qui - ver. Know'st thou the

theme Of yon soft ri - - ver? It saith "Be calm, Be

sure, Un - fail - ing, gen - tle, pure; So shall thy

life en - dure, ... Like mine, for e - - ver!" colla voce - - -

Più lento.

colla voce

L. H.

A PAST SPRINGTIME.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

No 4.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Poco Allegretto ma tranquillo. (M. M. ♩ = 80.)

VOICE. 


PIANO.  *mf*

 It was in the prime Of the

 *p*

 sweet Spring - - time.....

 *p*

 In the lin - net's throat Trembled the love - - note, And the

 *p*

love - stirred air Thrilled the blos - soms there. Lit - tle sha - dows danced, Each a

The musical score is for a song titled "The Little Shadows". It is written for voice and piano. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is in the voice part, and the piano accompaniment is in the lower staves. The lyrics are: "love - stirred air Thrilled the blos - soms there. Lit - tle sha - dows danced, Each a". The piano part features arpeggiated chords and a steady bass line. The score is divided into measures by bar lines, and there are repeat signs at the end of the first and second piano parts.

ti - ny elf, Lit - tle sha - dows danced, Each a ti - ny elf, Happy in

cresc.

cresc.

Ped.

in the prime Of the sweet, the sweet

P.

Cres.

..... Spring - time.

mf

p It was

but a mi - nute In a far - off

Spring, But each

p

cresc.

gen - - tie thing, Sweet - ly woo - - ing lin - - net,

p *cresc.*

p *cresc.*

Soft - thrilled haw - thorn tree. Hap - - py sha - dow - y elf,

p *cresc.*

sempre cresc.

Hap - - py elf With the thin - - nest self, Live still

sempre cresc.

f

on, live still on, still

f

on ... in me. ... O ... the

mf

Red. *

sweet, sweet prime O the sweet, sweet prime.

cresc. *f*

Red. *

Of the past Spring - time!

f *poco rall.* *a tempo*

mf *dim.*

Red. *

p

Red. *

LONELY.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

No 5.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto Lento ed espressivo. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 40$)

VOICE. *p con tristezza*

The world is great.....

PIANO. *molto sostenuto*

pp

.... The birds all fly from me,

The stars are golden fruit.... up-on a tree All out of reach.....

p my little sis - ter went, *cresc.* my lit - tle sis - ter went,.....

pp *p* *cresc.*

.... And I am lone - ly. am lone -

- ly. The

word is great I tried to mount the hill A-bove the

pinetrees, where the light lies so still, But it rose high - er:

cresc.

little Li-sa went, little Li-sa went, And I am

cresc.

p

lone-ly. am lone-ly.

p

pp

p

The world is great: The

trem. p

quasi Recit. p

wind comes rushing by, I won-der where it comes from;

f

f sea - birds cry..... *p* And hurt my heart:

p *sempre con molto tristezza* *cresc.*
my lit - tle sis - - ter went, my little sis - ter went, my

f *molto espressivo* *f*
lit - tle sis - ter went,..... And I am lone - ly, am

p *poco rit.* *p* *molto rall.*
lone - - ly.

A BRIDE SONG.

Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

No. 6.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Allegro comodo non troppo vivace. (M. M. ♩ = 80.)

VOICE. *f* Through the vales to my love! In

PIANO. *mf*

sweet A - pril hours All rain - bow and show'rs, While

dove an - swers dove, In beau - ti-ful

mf *p*

May, When the or - chards are ten - der And froth - ing with

cresc.

flow'rs, In op - - u - lent June. When the wheat stands up

slen - der By sweet - smell - ing hay, And half the sun's

p

cresc.

splen - dour De - scends to the moon, And half the sun's

cresc. *p*

cresc.

splen - dour De - scends to the moon..... Through the

cresc. *f*

vales..... to my love!..... Through the

f

vales to my love!

p

mf

Through the vales to my love!.....

mf

..... Where the turf is to soft to the feet And the

thyme makes it sweet..... And the

mf

state - ly fox - glove Hangs si - - lent its bells, its

p

ex - qui - site bells:..... And where wa - ter wells The

cresc.

cresc.

green - ness grows green - er, The green - ness grows green-er. And

bul - - rush - es stand Round a li - - - ly to

cresc.

p

cresc.

screen her. And bul - - rush - es stand Round a

cresc.

p

cresc.

li - - - ly to screen her..... Through the

f

vales..... to my love!..... Through the

f

vales to my love! Nev - er - the - less.....

p non affrettando

p

p

... if this land Like a gar - den to smell and to

sight, *p* Were turned to a de - sert of sand; Stripped

bare of de - light, All its best gone to worst,

p For my feet no re - pose, *p* No

wa - ter to com - fort my thirst, *p* And heav'n

like a fur - nace a - bove, *poco rit.* *a tempo* *f* The

appassionato de - - sert would be As gushing of wa - ters to

me, The wild - erness be as a rose, If it

led me to thee, The wild - - er - ness

be as a rose, O my love,

.... O my love If it led ... me to

thee, O my love.

THE STARS.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 7.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto moderato. (M. M. ♩ = 54)

VOICE.

tranquillo *p* They

PIANO.

glide up - on their end - less way..... For ev - er

calm,..... for ev - er bright.....

No blind hurry, no de - lay..... Mark the Daught - ers of the

poco cresc.

Night..... They fol - - low

poco cresc.

Ad. * *Ad.*

in the track of Day,..... In di - vine de -

dim. *p*

* *Ad.* *

light, They fol - - low in the

mf

Ad. *

track of Day, In di - vine de - light.

p *poco rit.* *a tempo*

p *colla voce*

Ad. *

p
Shine on, sweet orb-ed souls, for aye,..... For ev - er

Red. * Red. * Red. *

calm,..... for ev - er bright,..... We ask not whith-er lies your

Red. * Red. * Red. *

way, Nor whence ye came, nor what your light.....

Red. * Red. *

poco cresc.
Be, still, — a dream through - out the day,
poco cresc. *dim.*

Red. Red. * Red.

p A blessing through the night, Be, still, a dream through-

Cresc. * *Cresc.* *

- out the day, A bless - ing through the night!

p *poco rit.* *Più lento.*

Cresc. *

pp Shine on, sweet orb-ed souls for aye, for

pp *sempre pp e rall.*

Cresc. * *Cresc.* * *Cresc.* *

pp aye!

pp *rall.*

Cresc. * *Cresc.* * *Cresc.* *

FEDALMA.

Words by
CLIFTON BINGHAM.

Nº 8.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante con moto. (M.M. ♩ = 52.)

VOICE.
(Tenor.)

PIANO.

p

And. *

p

sempre And.

By thy dark eyes' light and lus - tre,

And thy white brow's mar - ble fair - ness;

Thy rich tress - es' ra - ven clus - ter,

All thy beau - ty and thy rare - - ness, Mai - den

cresc. wild, I love, I love thee, Love *mf*

dim. thee, bright Fe - - dal - - - - *dim.* *p* *colla voce*

p ma!

p

By thy spi - rit pure and sim - ple, Thy sweet soul's un - sul - lied

p

white - ness, Ev' - ry curve and ev' - ry dim - ple,

And thy laughter's gir - lish light - ness, Mai - den wild, I love, I

pp

love thee, Love thee, bright Fe - dal - - -

pp *colla voce*

ma!

p

p

mf

By thy free - dom wild and fear - - less,

mf

p

espress.

By the stars of Heav'n that charm thee, By thy heart, untouched and

p

cresc.

tear - less, Love of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Love.....

f

cresc.

f

..... of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Bright Fe - dal -

- ma!

p *dim. e poco rall.*

Poco più lento. *p* *lunga pp*

Love of mine shall nev - er harm thee, Bright, O bright Fe -

pp *rall. lunga*

dal - - - ma!

Tempo I. *pp* *rall.*

THE LAND OF VIOLETS.

Words by
BARRY CORNWALL.

No 9.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Molto vivace. (M. M. ♩ = 126.)

VOICE.

PIANO. *leggiere* *mf*

Red. *

mf

Come, let us go to the land Where the vi - o - lets grow!.....

Red. *

mf

..... Let's go thi - ther hand in hand,

p

cresc. *f*

O - ver the wa - ters, o - ver the snow, To the land.....

cresc. *f*

poco rit. e dim.

..... where the vi - o - lets blow, where the sweet sweet vi - o - lets

p poco rit.

a tempo

blow!.....

a tempo

p

mf

ad.

mf

There, in the beau - ti - ful South, Where the

mf

ad. *

mf

sweet flow'rs lie,..... Thou shalt sing with thy

p

cresc.

sweet - er mouth, Un - der the light of the ev' - ning sky,

cresc.

f That Love..... never fades, *f* that Love..... nev - er

poco rit. - *p* fades,..... though vi - - o - lets *a tempo* die!.....

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*

Red.

.....

dim. *f*

SOMEWHERE.

No 10.

*) Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante moderato e melancolico. (M. M. $\text{♩} = 54$.)
mf *ma con tristezza*

VOICE.

PIANO.

Some - where or o - ther there must

sure-ly be The face not seen, the voice not heard, The

heart that not yet, nev-er yet,— ah me! Made an-swer to my word.....

..... Some-where or o-ther, may be near or far; Past land and

sea, clean out of sight; Be - yond the wan-d'ring moon,.... be -

p

p

yond the star That tracks her night by night.....

p

p *dim. e rit.*

Some - where or o - ther, may be far or near, With just a

p *a tempo* *mf con molto tristezza*

mf

wall, a hedge, be-tween; With just the last leaves of the dy - ing year

dim. *poco rall.*

dim. *poco rall.*

Fal - len on a turf grown green.....

pp rall. *pp* *pp*

A BIRTHDAY.

*) Words by
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Nº 11.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Poco Allegretto ma appassionato. (♩ = 72.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

mf My heart is like a

singing bird Whose nest is in a watered shoot; My

heart is like an apple-tree Whose boughs are bent with

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mf

thickest fruit; My heart is like a rain - bow shell That

cresc. ed agitato

pad - dles in a hal - cyon sea; My heart is glad - der

cresc. ed agitato

f

than all these Be - cause my love is come,.....

sempre f

.... Be - cause my love is come,..... is come to

f

f

me.

f.

mf.

Red.

mf.

dim.

p.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;

*

Hang it with vair and purple dyes; Carve it in doves and pome-

cresc.

gra-nates, And pea-cocks with a hun-dred eyes;

mf *cresc. ed agitato* 49

Work it in gold and sil - ver grapes, In leaves and sil - ver

mf *cresc. ed agitato*

f

fleur - - de - lys; Be - cause the birth - day of my life is

f

come,..... is come,..... my love, my love is come,

sempre f

.... is come to me.

DAY IS DYING.

Words by
GEORGE ELIOT.

No 12.

Music by
FREDERIC H. COWEN.

Andante. (♩ = 50.)

VOICE.

PIANO.

sempre legato

pp

p

Day is dy - ing! Float, O Song, Down the west - - ward

riv - er, Re - quiem chant - ing to the Day

Day, the might - y Giv - er. Pierced by shafts of Time he

bleeds, Melt - ed ru - bies send - ing

Through the riv - er and the sky, Earth and heav - en

blend - ing.

a tempo

sempre legato

p

All the long - drawn ear - thy banks Up to cloud - - land

pp

lift - - ing: Slow be - tween them drifts the swan,

poco rall. *a tempo* *f* *p*

'Twixt two heav - ens drift - ing. Day is dy - ing! Day is

p

dy - ing! Float, O swan, float down the ru - by riv - er;

f

Fol - low, song, in re - qui - em. ... To the might - y Giv - er,

sempre f

Fol - low, song, in re - qui - em. in re - qui - em To the

sempre f

f

might - - - y, to the might - y, might - - - y

allargando

ff *rit.*

ff *rit.*

a tempo

Giv - - - er.

a tempo

ff

ff